The Camosun

April
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Vancouver and His Work in B. C	3
A Double Victory	5
The Adventures of Captain Clarke	7
The Result of a Journey	8
Rip Van Winkle the Second	9
With the Funny Man	11
Society	12
Editorial	13
Sports	14

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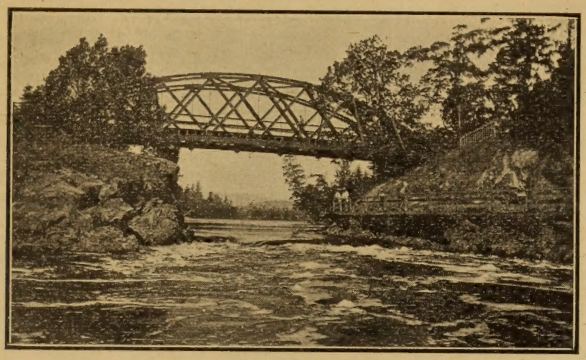


THE GORGE

VANCOUVER AND HIS WORK IN B. C.

(By Marion W. Hanna.)

The year 1758 saw the birth of one of the most adventurous and successful navigators that ever sailed from a British port. This was Captain George Vancouver of Norfolk, England. He entered the navy when only thirteen years old, and through his good conduct and ability was promoted step by step from an "able-bodied seaman" to post captain. This last position was granted him by the British Admiralty in 1787—a few years before his death.

Capt. Vancouver came to this coast in 1792 on business connected with the Nootka trouble, and he remained here for three years. To his efforts it is due that the coast was surveyed and named, and in a large measure that the country came into the hands of the British government.

Capt. Vancouver on his charts gave to numerous places the names of his friends, and thus we have Howe Sound, Burrard and Jarvis Inlets, Mt. Baker, and many others, besides Vancouver Island and Strait, named after himself.

On his way to Nootka Sound, Capt. Vancouver entered the Strait of Juan de Fuca on the 30th of April, 1792. The navigator enjoyed fine weather all along this part of the coast. With this advantage (and it was a great advantage in those days of sailing vessels) the position of Cape Flattery was determined as 48 degrees and 23½ minutes N., and 125 degrees and 45 minutes W. This position speaks well for Vancouver's observations, as the latitude is correct, and the longitude only a few points out. In the latter part of the day a very high mountain was observed, to the northeastward—towering above the clouds and covered with snow. One of the lieutenants was the first to see it, and it was named in his honor, Mt. Baker.

The next day the boats of the "Discovery" were got out for exploration along the coast. These small boats were found to be a necessity as the ships could not risk sailing up some of the many narrow inlets. When the boats returned after their day's work, they reported the location of a large and deep harbor which had been named Port Townsend, in honor of the Marquis of that name.

After a month's steady labor, a thorough survey had been completed of the coast around Puget Sound, which had been named after Lieut. Puget, who assisted Capt. Vancouver in his work of exploration.

Capt. Vancouver then proceeded northward on his voyage around Vancouver Island. On June 22nd he come upon two Spanish vessels riding at anchor in an inlet off Grey's Point. It is generally believed that this inlet

was English Bay (near Vancouver City) as Pt. Grey is immediately to the south of it. These vessels proved to be under the command of Senors Don Galiano and Valdez, and they were engaged in surveying the coast for Spain. Vancouver was received with courtesy, and he was given charts which aided him on his journey north.

As it was in the sumer time the crew enjoyed fair weather on the way to Nootka Sound, which was reached on the 27th of August. In Nootka Sound there were several vessels, two bearing the flag of "Senor Don Juan Francisco de lay Bodiga Quadra, commandant of the Marine and Established Forces of San Blas and California."

As Senor Quadra lived ashore, Vancouver visited him and was cordially received. Many visits were exchanged, and the Nootka affair was fully discussed. It was agreed that the matter would await further instruction from their respective governments.

Quadra and his fleet left for California, and Vancouver went to the Sandwich Islands, where he wintered. The following March saw the death of Senor Quadra, which was sincerely regretted by Capt. Vancouver, who had lately returned to Nootka and thence to Alaska, where he made an examination of the coast.

After a season spent in exploration, Vancouver was able to report that a narrow pasage connected the Arctic with the Pacific Ocean, and that this ocean was almost unnavigable on account of the icebergs which floated everywhere.

While at Nootka for repairs Vancouver met Commandant Alva. He then sailed to England, and reached his destination in October, 1795. He must have felt some satisfaction in being able to report that during a voyage of four years and nine months he had lost but one man by disease.

Soon after his return home his health failed, and he died at Petersham-on-Thames.

The examination of the coast line of B. C. had been carried on in a most masterly manner, and settled the vexed question which had for years agitated the wise men of Europe, who believed that some passage connected the Arctic and the Pacific.

As a rule the names given by Vancouver and British navigators have survived the many Spanish, French and Russian names, which were used on all old maps.

When Vancouver entered the Straits of Juan de Fuca it was in the early spring time, and everything was at its best. The scenery made such an impression upon him that he had not forgotten it on his return to England, for in the history of his voyages, printed in 1801, he made the following remarks on this country: "To described the beauties of the region will on some future occasion be a very grateful task to the pen of a skillful panegyrist. The serenity of the climate, the innumerable pleasing landscapes, the abundant fertility that unassisted Nature puts forth, requires but the industry of man to make it the most lovely country imaginable."

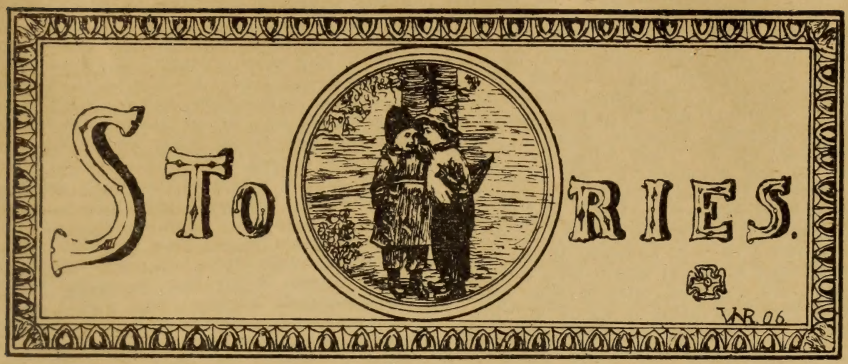
Vancouver also came upon some of the handiwork of the natives, for he entered in his journal: "In our way thither we found on one of the low points projecting from the shore (and about a league from Oak Cove) two upright poles, set in the ground about fifteen feet high, and rudely carved. On the top of each was stuck a human head, recently placed there * * * between these stakes a fire had lately been made, but none of these appearances enabled us to satisfy ourselves concerning the manner in which the bodies had been disposed of."

While the great navigator was passing the southern end of our island, he anchored near Clover Point, where some of his crew landed. At another time he anchored in a small cove, and left an iron cannon in a little village on its shores. That cannon may still be seen at Alert Bay.

The pictures of the great of past times are few, but a well preserved oil painting of Vancouver is exhibited in the Bernice Bishop Museum, Honolulu. The legend beneath the picture shows that he won the love and respect of an island kingdom far removed from that one which Britons the world over call "Home." The inscription is: "George Vancouver, English Navigator, and a true friend to Hawaii, born 1758, died May 1[illegible]th, 1798."

A Victorian photographer exhibits a very clear photograph of the gravestone of our island's discoverer and geographical godfather, whose grave was recently relocated when a lady from Victoria on returning to her old home in England, showed her friends the graves which she had discovered when a girl. The stone which marks the grave of that great navigator whose shining statue looks over our Parliament Buildings is as the man was, simple, unostentiuos, and unobstrusive.

[Editor's Note.—This essay was awarded the highest prize by the Navy League, B. C. and Esquimalt Branch, in April, 1903.]



A DOUBLE VICTORY

(By "Bunny.")

The car slowed up and 114 people decked with blue and white ribbon made a general rush and, almost before the wheels had completely stopped, the conductor and motor-man alone remained on that special car which had just carried a jolly and noisy crowd of High School students over the "radial" from Cleveland to Arkon. It was late in June and was one of those hot and sultry Ohio days. The occasion for this trip was the fact that the Dayton Street High School of Cleveland, and St. Michael's Academy of Arkon were to play the final game of base-ball, which was to decide the state's championship. Each had headed its district and this was the deciding game. Arkon had held the pennant for two years, but the Cleveland people were determined to win it this season, and to this end 94 "rooters" and a chaperon accompanied the team. (The car was to wait on the switch until after the game.)

The crowd, regardless of the heat, hurried along the burning sidewalk toward the ball grounds, which were about three blocks distant from the switch. At each step the street re-echoed with the "Yah's" of the Dayton street pupils. The team went on ahead clad in their light blue uniforms with the white D. on their breasts. Every one was in excellent spirits. The boys yelled. The girls sang their school songs, and in this manner they entered the grounds where the Arkon people had already assembled. At the appearance of the visitors the cheering became deafening. The team went to its benches while the "rooters" hurried to the bleachers reserved for them. There is one figure in the rear whom we must especially notice. He is a short, wirey-looking fellow, dressed in an "ice-cream" suit, with his straw hat pulled well over his brow, almost hiding his ruddy face and shining eyes. This gentleman walking carelessly in the rear of the students is the chaperon. Professor R. H. Dooley, A.M., an ex-football player and pitcher for Yale. He was the latest addition to the staff of the Dayton Street High School, and because of his jolly nature and general good humor he was chosen chaperon of this lively crowd of collegians. However, to-day he did not seem as joyous as usual. The exams were just over, in fact, some of the seniors were writing at that very moment, and even the ideal teacher felt a little out of sorts, at the immediate close of those tedious midsummer exams. He followed the cheering group mechanically and took his seat in the grand stand. At the upper left hand corner of the party.

The Cleveland boys had taken the field for the usual practice. There was a hum and buzz throughout the grand stands, with occasional snatches of the Dayton Street's "Yahs" and the "St. "Mikes," (as they termed themselves) "Rahs" mingled with the shouts of "creams, caramels,chewing-gum, lemonade, etc," of the vendors. Now the umpire, arrayed in white, calls the game, and the nine visitors fall into their positions, while St. Michael's team in red and black suits, take the

bench. For the first time the teacher shows himself interested. He looks over the players on the field, his face assuming his usual smile, and he surveys the young and excited crowd under his care. His gaze travels back to the diamond, and then that thoughtful expression appears again. He is thinking of the time when six years ago he had pitched for "St. Mikes" in a similar contest. That was his last game with his old academy, and though he had won the game yet the thoughts of it had a certain sadness about them. After that eventful game was over (in which he allowed only 4 hits and 2 runs, and had himself made a "three-bagger," bringing in the third run, winning the game), one of his classmates, Hattie Roberts, had rushed on the field and had congratulated him, before the great crowd of people. A few weeks later he had left Arkon for college, and this was his first return. The sight of the old red uniforms with the black "St. M." on the chest, had refreshed in his memory the ha scene of six years before. He was wondering where the girl was now, when a hush fell over the grand stands and the first red man came to bat. Big Tim Donahue, the catcher and captain of the Cleveland team, made his sign. The blue figure in the centre of the diamond doubled up, suddenly unbent, and shot the ball over the plate and the game was on.

Now Professor Dooley was all interest. Dull thoughts fled from his m when a contest of any kind was in progress. The game went on with no score till the last of the third inning. This half opened with nothing especially exciting. The first man connected with the ball but was unable to make first. The next blue figure came to bat, and to the horror of all the Clevelanders, fanned out. The third came along and managed to reach first on a bunt, but two men out and a weak man to bat wasn't encouraging for the blue and white supporters. However, this weak batter excelled himself and made a long fly which was fumb by St. Mike's left fielder. This put a man on the second and third bases, and Tim Donahue moved slowly from the bench toward the plate. The Dayton Street crowd rooted loyally. The boys rooted, so did the girls, and so did the Professor, who, although his sympathies were to some extent with his old school, nevertheless was keenly interested in the welfare of his present school. He stood up and yelled, grabbed a score card and glanced at the names. A. W. Roberts was pitching for St. Mike's. Roberts, Roberts. Yes, the name sounded familiar to him. "But this boy could not be any relation to Hattie Roberts," thought he. He didn't give it any more thought, for just then Tim stooped down by the plate, wiped his hands in the dust, and taking a firm grip on the bat, faced the pitcher, after smiling his wide Irish smile at the cheering crowd.

The signal was given and the pitcher commenced his wind-mill-like motion, and the ball shot towards the batter. Two men on bases and two out, Tim never moved. The umpire drawled out, "Strike one," the cheering from the Cleveland benches died away, while these of the home team became more noisy. The ball was returned to the pitcher. Again he went through his wonderful movement. This time Tim made a terrible "swipe" at it, which only met the air. "Strike two," the man in white cried out. Some of the spectators groaned, the others laughed, while Tim recovered his balance and faced the crowd again. Things were indeed serious. Two men on bases, two men out and two strikes, and the game deciding the state championship. Two men at that moment resolved to do their utmost. Donahue at the bat and Roberts in the box. Roberts thought for an instant of his sister in the grand stand, that sister that had done so much to encourage and help him. He had no brother but he had one of the best sisters that ever was. Some of the fellows used to hint that she was so enthused about his pitching that she used to catch for him in their back yard while he practised some new curves. Even though his sister was so kind, and such a companion to him, yet he often wished he had a big brother, one who had pitched on big teams and could show him some extra points. However, just now he thought how much depended on him, and for the sake of the school and his sister he would do his best. The crowds in the bleachers were silent. The ball was again in his hands. Out on the field the men stood motionless. For the third time Roberts began his swing. This time the smile had vanished from the batter's face. The sphere shot through the air. Donahue made a mighty swing, a sharp click could be heard and the ball was seen flying over the centre fielder's head. A loud cheer went up from the Cleveland rooters, but probably the most enthusiastic cheerer was the young teacher. Off went his hat, and he gave vent to some howls that did credit to his "alma mater." So enthusiastic was he that he knocked a black and red sunshade

from the lap of a young lady sitting at his left. He had not noticed her before. He turned, and while apologizing, he picked up the sun shade and then looked into her face: She was leaning back in her seat pale as death with the look of one who is about to faint. Now this is a queer attitude for one at a baseball game. What could it mean? He asked if he could serve her in any way, but she shook her head. He took his seat amid the cheering of the crowd, and forgot to tally the three runs that just came in. Then the girl's tongue unloosened. "O poor Will! How awful! Three runs all by that one horrid hit. O! it's so awful!" But before she could go on Professor Dooley told her never to mind but to cheer up; that there was lots of time (he really was embarrassed.) Then he asked her who Will was. She replied: "Will Roberts, my brother, who is pitcher for dear old "St. Mike's."

Now it was the Professor's turn to be startled. She was Miss Roberts, to be sure, Hattie Roberts, his old classmate who always took so much interest in the sports of the old academy. So that was her brother pitching. The sight of the distressed girl aroused all his sympathies. He tried to console her, and in a few minutes the game, which had been so interesting to them both, now went on unheeded by these two. They referred to the good old times they used to have. The Cleveland people could yell as hard as they liked. He had forgotten their presence. Then there was his duty as chaperon, but this too he had forgotten.

The game went on, neither team scoring, and when it was concluded the 94 rooters rushed from the stand to the field to cheer the winners while the bigger boys carried off on their shoulders the heroes who had won the cup for Cleveland.

The two remained behind. Soon the grounds were left deserted. Will Roberts hung around a minute expecting to see his sister, but not seeing her he hurried off to join the crowd who were seeing the visitors off on their car. Big Tim Donahue was in front of the car shaking hands with the Arkon boys, and the whole crowd of Clevelanders were so overjoyed by their victory that they did not think of their chaperon. Suddenly Tim espied the gentleman in question with Miss Roberts walking slowly up the street past the car, utterly heedless of the crowd that was waiting for him. He was carrying a red and black sun shade but it was not shading either of them. Tim let his mask and pad drop, up went his hands and with a loud, jolly yell he cried: "Hi there! be dad, and would ye look on the Doc., he's after clean forgetting us." Roberts saw the combination, too, and didn't know whether to frown or laugh, but he laughed, for Tim burst forth again: "Sure and we've lost our chaperon." but Roberts had won his brother.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN CLARKE

THE "GHOST" ON THE "LUCY."

(By an Unknown.)

The adventurous Captain Clarke, commander of the ship "Lucy," decided to start an expedition to the East Pole to explore the wonderful lands which report said were there. He gathered together a trustworthy crew and finally set sail, cheered on by the promise of a certain young lady that if he was successful in his explorations an important event would take place one month after his return home.

Before the boat had been a week at sea the sailors were terrified by the report of one of their number who said that he had seen a ghost on board. In a body they went to the captain and asked if the boat were known to be haunted. The gallant captain denied that there was any truth in the story and upbraided the men for their superstitious fears.

One by one the sailors saw the ghost, and their fear increased with each visitation. The ghost seemed more terrible with each appearance and what frightened the crew most was the fact that it possessed horns and a tail, also a long beard.

One day at daybreak the ghost appeared covered with blood, and the men rushed, terror-stricken to the captain and asked him to go and see it. He went in search of it, but could not find it. When he returned from his

hunt he laughed at their fears, but even his ridicule did not make the men abandon their belief.

At last they went to the captain and asked him to turn the ship round and go back, as they said that the ghost was a sign of approaching disaster, and if they continued on their they would never return. The captain refused but the men persisted, and soon took to threatening their commander. Then the captain said that he would watch for the ghost himself and see whether it was merely their imaginations that troubled them or not, and it was agreed that if he could prove that it was no ghost they would go on, otherwise they would return, whether the captain wished it or not.

The captain watched for several nights and finally his patience was rewarded. The awful ghost appeared, and the captain, after staring at it for a moment, commenced to laugh. Still laughing he started after the ghost, which by this time had retreated quite a distance. He reached it and dragged the awful apparition towards the surprised crew, and what they saw was not some hideous spectre, but simply an innocent-looking white goat. The captain explained that Billy was a pet of his and that he had decided to leave him on shore this voyage. Billy, it seemed, had determined otherwise, and had evidently crept on board and hidden himself. He had remained in his hiding place, afterwards discovered to be an empty barrel, until the gnawings of hunger drove him forth, and then he had crept out in search of food. Having satisfied the inner goat he had quickly returned each time to his barrel, not to venture out until he again became hungry. On one of these trips he had upset a can of red paint over himself, hence his bloody appearance.

With the mystery cleared away the sailors were quite content to proceed, and Billy soon became the pet and playmate of them all.

THE RESULT OF A JOURNEY

Chapter III.

It was very nearly a week before Dr. Osborne would allow Mrs. Leigh to take her daughter home. When the day did come Flora was sorry to go; after her quiet life, to be one of a family of young people was very pleasant. She and her nurse Helen became warm friends and when she lay on the drawing-room sofa in the afternoons, Douglas devoted himself to her amusement.

It was the afternoon of the day on which Flora was to return home, and she and Helen sat in the drawing-room waiting for Mrs. Leigh and the carriage. It was a lovely day; through the open windows came the scent of honeysuckle and roses, and the sound of children's happy voices, mingled with the clicking of croquet mallets. Helen was busy with some fancy work; Flora sat drumming her fingers on the window ledge, an unusually thoughtful expression on her bright face. She felt unhappy at the thought of going back to the old life, and she was annoyed with herself for feeling so.

Helen was watching her and presently she said, playfully:

"A penny for your thoughts, Flora!"

"Seriously Helen, I have a great mind to tell you" Flora said "and then you will see how bad I am. I have had such a pleasant time here, I am actually dreading the old home life. Now don't look so astonished. Of course I love my mother and father dearly, and they are lovely to me, but Helen, it's such an idle, aimless life; no brothers and sisters to take care of, or work to do like you have; I am just supposed to be mother's companion, and to enjoy myself, and improve myself. I am sure you couldn't stand it!"

"What sort of a life should you like to lead?" Helen was so surprised at this outburst, she hardly knew what to say.

"Why, I want to be a trained nurse; I used to say so at school and it has always been my ambition; I think there is no more noble calling for a woman, it is grand!"

Helen could not help smiling a little at this burst of enthusiasm, but Flora did not notice it and went on:

"I would not mind so much if I could go among the village people, as you do, but mother won't let me. Now honestly, Helen, don't you think it is hard to be so evidently in the wrong place?"

"Yes, I know it is hard, for I have experienced it though I have found out since that there is no such thing as "being in the wrong place." When I

was about your age, Flora, I rebelled against my lot just as you are doing. This is a strange world, for things would certainly be very different if we could manage them ourselves. When my mother died I was at school, preparing for an examination. If I passed I had been promised a position as teacher in the school. I had a passion for learning of all kinds, and study was my great pleasure. I thought I should hate housekeeping and taking care of the children. After the first sorrow of my loss had passed, and I was becoming used to my work I had a terribly rebellious fit—but I came to my senses, and I have been enabled to live down my dislike to my life and to give up my ambitions, and now, I think, there are few happier girls."

Helen picked up her work, which had fallen from her hands. Flora had turned her face to the window, but she did not see any of the beauty outside; when she looked round again there were tears in her eyes.

"Helen," she said, "you are an angel, and I can never, never be like you, but if you will tell me what to do, I will try truly; but my trouble seems nothing compared with yours."

"I think your duty is very plain, Flora dear; your parents want a daughter to do little things for them and to lighten their home. I am sure there is plenty for you to do, and if you are always just as bright and happy as you can be, you are sure to influence and help someone."

At this moment the conversation was cut short by the entrance of Colonel and Mrs. Leigh, followed by Douglas, who announced:

"The ambulance is in waiting; nurse is the patient ready? Oh, tea first! Well I vote we have it on the lawn; I think it will repay you for the trouble of getting there, Miss Leigh. Let me help you."

* * * * * * *

It was Flora's twenty-first birthday and a large garden party had celebrated the day. The festivities were over, and the people gone, all but the Osbornes, who, from the doctor to Kitty, had come over for the occasion. The Colonel and Dr. Osborne were enjoying a smoke and a political argument, and Mrs. Leigh and Helen were having a quiet chat, while the children were dispatching the remains of the refreshments. Everyone was waiting for Douglas and Flora, but no one knew where Douglas was, and no one knew where Flora was, and no one seemed in much of a hurry to find out.

"She is a dear, good girl," Mrs. Leigh was saying to Helen, "so unselfish and so bright, and do you know, Helen, sometimes I think your influence had something to do with it, for she was not always like this."

Out on the river the boat, the same old boat, was idly floating, but it was quite safe this time, for Douglas held both oars. Flora lay back against the cushions, her hands lying lightly upon the rudder ropes. She wore a white dress, the forget-me-nots in her garden hat, giving the only touch of color. But lovely as she looked, Douglas could not be content to do nothing but look for long.

"Won't a doctor's wife be next best thing to being a nurse, Flora?" he asked.

"Oh, but it will be better still to be Helen's sister!" was the unsatisfactory reply.

Finis.

RIP VAN WINKLE THE SECOND

(By Novus.)

Socrates Archimedes Smith, one fine summer afternon, had decided that it was too good a day to be spent in school, and, to avoid any danger of being caught by that viligant official, the school constable, had fled far without the city limits. He was walking across a wood which he had not gone through before, when between the trees he saw a small cave, and was seized with a desire to explore. He was just about to enter the place, when, to his utter astonishment, a figure clothed in rags and tatters crept out and faced him. "What are you staring at?" said the figure. "One would think you had never seen a boy before. Do I look a freak because I've had an hour's nap?"

"Where did you buy your suit?" asked Smith, by way of an answer.

"You mind your"—then he looked down at his garb and whistled. "My Sammy! What's wrong. Wait till I catch that hypnotist chap who told me that I'd come here and go to sleep. Wonder how long I've been here. I

feel horribly stiff. Must have slept in that cave all night. Is today Sunday?"

"Sunday! Friday, rather. I wouldn't be playing hookey on a Sunday."

"Are you quite all there?" said the cave-boy. "I haven't slept a week. What is the date?"

"Seventeenth of June, 1926."

"When did you escape from New Westminster?" asked the boy, politely. "It's 1906."

"Oh, is it, though. Want me to prove your wrong?"

"Yes, you may try."

"Here, look at the date on this ten-cent piece."

The other looked at the brand new coin, and saw the date 1926, on it. He looked puzzled, as well he might. Then his face cleared." I knew," he growled, "it's that hypnotist who made me sleep. I suppose I've been doing the Rip Van Winkle act. Wait till I catch that Professor d'Obscurite!"

"May I ask your name?" said Smi in the pause that followed.

"Certainly. It's no secret. I'm Ralph Toms. Who are you?"

"Smith is my name."

"Well, Smithy dear, I'm in a trifle of a fix. I can't go home to town in these rags. Would you mind lending me an old suit of clothes, if your house isn't too far away?"

"Not a bit, if you'll wait for an hour. It's too risky to go to town before school is out."

"Very well, said Toms; let's sit here and talk. You say you're playing hookey. What school? I used to be in the High School."

"That's where I ought to be today too; but they call it the Victoria College now. I'm in the third form, and going to try the Junior exam. in a week or two."

"Good for you!" exclaimed Toms. "I was the dunce in that very class. It was the hardest worked division of the school in my day. We hadn't even time to eat our lunches; had to get up half a dozen geometry propositions instead, every lunch hour."

"Oh, they have stopped that now. Two or three boys got brain fever, and after that the trustees saw to it that the pupils weren't given more than three hours work a day at home lessons. And we have a good cadet corps, too, so between that and a few other things we haven't half a bad time."

"So the cadet corps bucked up again, did it? I used to be a non-mom. in it when we thought it was going to pieces."

"That must have been before Sir William Dives died and left a million for the support of cadet corps in British Columbia. The corps is worth being in now, for we get all sorts of fun, and are taught boxing and jiu-jitsu as physical drill."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Toms, "What is the good of jiu-jitsu? I'd rather play 'Rugby' any day for good exercise or fun."

"Did you play football!" I can't see how you could make such brutes of yourselves in the old days. Why, I hear that the players were sometimes even knocked senseless. It must have been ghastly. We play civilized games now — nothing rougher than lawn tennis and hoops."

"What's hoops?"

"It's a game in which you try to roll a hoop into a goal without upsetting it."

"Milksops," said Toms in a disgusted tone.

"What a strange word! What does it mean?"

"It means that you're a lot of miserable babies."

"Take that back," said Smith, looking threatening.

"I'm bothered if I do."

"Then take that"—with a cuff. Up jumped Toms, and his fist had shot out for Smith's face, when he suddenly found himself flying over the latter's shoulder. He fell heavily, just as he heard Smith say, "Who said jiu-jitsu was no good? Now will you give in?"

"Yes," gasped Toms, his breath returning. "I'll give in for the present, till I learn the art for myself; then—!"

"Tres bien, je vous pardonne," said Smith. "Let's sit down again." Conversation was slack for some minutes, when Toms began afresh by asking the latest news from the "Colonist."

"The "Colonist" has not published a paper for some years now," replied Smith. "It was bought up by some young fellows who made their money out of a magazine, "The Camosun," which they edited at the college."

"I remember it," said the other. "but what's the latest in some morning paper? I'm asking for news, not history."

"Oh, nothing particular. The Yankees had a small train accident last night, in which fifteen hundred or so were killed. Ten thousand were killed yesterday at Algiers in the battle between the French and Germans. Also the motor-car record speed has been brought to four miles a minute. I think that was all the news worth mentioning."

"News enough, I should think," replied Toms. "You don't seem to value men's lives as worth much now-a-days. I remember that before I went to sleep Germany and France were quarreling over Morocco, but it didn't look as though they would fight."

"They only began to this year," replied Smith, "although they've been snarling in each other's faces for some years back. They are being killed off quickly now though. This new explosive, fumite, with its awful force and poisonous fumes, is doing great work in underground mines. I hear, too, that they shot a shell from a cannon fifty miles with it the other day."

"What a frightful age to live in. I don't see how war can continue to on much longer, for everyone will be killed off. I wish I were back in 1906. It was bad enough then, but this is awful.

"You'll soon get used to it. By the way," continued Smith, "I hear the old Central School 'letting-out' bell. You must be getting cold and hungry after your precious hibernation, so I'll trot and get you some better clothes. Ta-ta for the present. Be good."

A LITTLE FUTURE HISTORY.

G.—Have you come across any of our old school chums?

P.—Yes, I have seen Green and Richardson. Richardson is doing a good business down in Australia, superintendent of some gold mine.

G.—Do you know where Green is?

P.—Oh yes! he is a member of the Dominion Parliament, and I hear that Bennie Erb is a captain in the Chinese navy. Cleveland has gone to Rhodesia and is still taming lions in his spare time.

J.—(After some conversation about a Rugby match played in a pool at Vancouver.) I wonder where all the old school fellows are now? What has become of Billy Richardson? Did he ever do anything?

B.—Oh, Bill went to Alberta and is very wealthy now, he is married and has two children.

J.—Who did he marry ?

B.—Some Toronto girl.

J.—Where is Cleveland, better known as "The Lion Tamer ?"

B.—He went out to Africa again, and the last I heard of him was that he had a menagerie.

Very Closely Related.

Well, I'll tell you how it is. You see I am married to a widow, and this widow had a daughter, then my father being a widower married her daughter so you see my father is my own son-in-law. Then again my step-daughter is my step-mother, ain't she? Well then her mother is my grandmother, ain't she? I am married to her, ain't I? So that makes me my own grandfather, doesn't it.

"Pat, do you understand French?"
"Yiss, if it's spoke in Irish."

Parody on "She Was a Phantom of Delight."

She was a beauty undefined
When first she gleamed upon my mind.
Beneath her belt a safety pin
Her hair was extra fair and thin;
Her eyes as Kimberley's diamonds do;
Shine from here to Timbucktoo;
But all things else if 'tis not sin
Remind one of a big pumpkin;
A clumsy shape, and feet so large,
To scare, to startle, and enlarge.

D.—Please sir, I didn't get all of my history paper back.

E.—Never mind old boy, I will give you half of mine.

The limit is reached when a member of Junior A, a boy, spends the whole of the lunch hour in arranging his necktie before a mirror held by one of his long-suffering class-mates.

S. D. evidently considers that Hannibal was a more skilful general than Napoleon, who is reported to have crossed the Alps in an open boat, for she states that Hannibal swam through the Appennines.

In the English room a small boy was asked what "The Three Jolly Pigeons" in "She Stoops to Conquer," stood for. He said it was Goldsmith and his two companions.

A woman put her tongue to the flat-iron to see if it was hot.

That household has been remarkably quiet ever since."

H—— the other day while looking at the skeleton of a donkey, was heard to remark:

"We are fearfully and wonderfully made."

SOCIETY

On Tuesday, February 27th, Miss Lilette Rebbeck gave a very pleasant evening to a number of her friends. Several original games provided the amusement for the evening.

The K. Y. II. Club held another of its fortnightly teas on Tuesday, March 13th, in the teacher's room at the college. Misses Bell and Moore and Messrs. Hing and Angus were in charge. A game of Proverbs set the ball a-rolling and was won by Miss Erskine and Mr. O. Finch, while Miss Fullerton and Mr. J. Cunningham carried off the booby prizes. Dainty refreshments were then served and the afternon was ended by a game of "Judge and Jury."

The Victoria College Young Ladies' Hockey team entertained the Vancouver College team at a dance held in Victoria hall, on Friday, March 2, which was a splendid success in every respect. Those who attended were treated to a carefully selected programme of dances, the music for which was furnished by Miss Heater and Mr. Locke, and from general impressions all enjoyed a very pleasant evening. The Victoria College was well represented and all did their best to make the occasion a pleasant one for their guests. The young ladies in charge of the function are to be complimented upon the able manner in which they handled the arrangements, not the least of which was the supper. About midnight all sat down to the tables, which were bountifully supplied with good things, lending a greater charm to the scene. Dancing was kept till about 1 o'clock, when the gathering broke up, all voting it a huge success and many were the requests that it should be repeated in the near future. The members of the Hockey Clubs were very grateful to Mrs. Green for having so kindly chaperoned the dance, as it was due to her kindness and oversight that the dance was such a success, and one and all voted her "a jolly good fellow."

On the 7th inst. the home of Miss Thelma Davie was the scene of a small musical given to a few of her friends. The first part of the evening was spent in music, after which a dainty supper was served. Games followed and the girls took their departure "in time for the last car." Among those who enjoyed the evening were Misses Flossie Spencer, Jean Robinson, Justine Gilbert, Pansy Robson and Ada Schwengers.

The members of the matriculation class have formed a Dramatic Society. Their first play will be Goldsmith's well known comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." The students are hard at work on their different parts and hope to be able to present it in six weeks or two months. Those taking parts are Misses M. Diver, O. Grant, C. Green and Messrs. Irving, O'Kell, Beckwith, Rogers, Spragge, Rannells, Dinsdale and King.

Miss Ruby Sylvester she entertained,
Needless to say no one complained.
When for the sixteenth they were bid,
And every one went to the very last
"kid."

The guests were more than twenty,
Of games there were a plenty.
First they guessed the names of flowers
And that alone taxed all their powers.

Then 'twas said they could not rest
Till they found out whose nerves were best.
And on a knife they carried beans,
Which caused some most amusing scenes.

Next they told what each one knew
Of B. C. cities and her rivers, too.
This was followed by a dainty repast,
And all were glad to break their fast.

Then they danced a little while,
And hopped around in the best of style.
Good-bye was said, and home, oh, so slow,
Ne'er had they enjoyed a party so.

The Camosun

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE VICTORIA COLLEGE STUDENTS

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Assistant Editor ..... L. P. Macrae
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With the rapid advance of spring there seems to have been a corresponding advance in the energy of the students. This will easily be noticed by comparing this month's "Camosun" with that of last month. The amount of copy submitted for publication in the "Camosun" this month displays a marked increase in quantity and quality, and shows that the students have at last realized that the "Camosun" is their own magazine published for their especial benefit and amusement. The only department we have to complain of is the one known as "With the Funny Man." In the class-room there are more jokes unconsciously created than would fill a newspaper. We would like the pupils to be on the alert for these, and when they hear a good joke to write it on a piece of paper and hand it in to one of the staff. Owing to the large amount of copy sent in for publication much good material has had to be withheld for a subsequent issue. We are very pleased to have such interest shown by the students and hope it will not abate.

It is with deep regret that we learn of the death of one of our former students, Nelson Scott. While at school Nelson was one of the most popular scholars and one of our most energetic athletes. He was captain of the hockey team, and an enthusiastic football player. The sincere sympathy of all the pupils is respectfully tendered to the bereaved parents.

To the Editor:

Dear Sir,—Allow me to compliment the "Camosun" on its firm stand and outspoken opinion regarding the lack of "school spirit." Now this is no established university, nor is it even a renowned academy, but it is one of the finest High Schools in the province with an affiliation in arts, and should have the hearty support of every pupil who has the good fortune to be connected with it. Sports have been increasing lately, but there is room for more energetic scholars who will not only take an active part in athletics, but also be possessed with a feeling of patriotism for the school, and "boost it" in every line. What we also need is a few more people who have wisdom and backbone enough to see what is wrong and to express their sentiments openly.

"OPTIMIST."

Victoria College, March 3, 1906.

Division V. has lost two of its members in the persons of Miss Tubman and Mr. H. Henderson. Miss Tubman has gone to Winnipeg.

The I. Division disbands after April 13th. However a number of pupils intend joining the II. Division for partial work—and baseball. Misses K. M. and F. F. are coming back for tennis.

A large number of friends of the school will be glad to hear that "Bob" McInnes has now a permanent position on the Victoria Senior Hockey team, having played in the last two games, and on both occasions holding his own against those of advanced years and greater experience.

Girls' Hockey.

The return match between the Victoria and Vancouver College girls hockey teams was played at Oak Bay, Saturday afternoon, March 3rd, and proved one of the fastest and most exciting games of the season. The visitors, though weakened by the absence of Miss Carlyle at centre, were confident of success, and were filled with bright recollections of their former victory. The college team had been considerably strengthened since their last game, especially by Miss Fullerton in goal, who rendered excellent service. Mr. Dalby handled the wristle and a large number of spectators were present. The visitors began their excellent combination, but over and over again the home defence relieved at the critical moment and the ball travelled toward the Vancouver goal. The game went on, everyone playing their hardest till about five minutes before half time, when, after a general scrimmage in front of the visitors' goal, Miss More scored. The game went on as fast as ever, but neither team was able to score owing to the excellent defence of both teams. Although the score was in Victoria's favor, the game was exceedingly close. The two teams are now equal, each having gained one victory. The deciding game will not be played this season.

On Saturday afternoon, March 24th, the College girls defeated the Victoria Ladies' Second Eleven by the score of 3-0. The weather-man was particularly favorable and a large crowd of spectators witnessed the exhibition. Throughout the first half the play was very even, and when the whistle blew neither team had scored. In the beginning of the second half Miss Spencer was forced to retire, troubled with a twisted ankle. Miss Carne, however, was "put on" and the game continued. The college forwards played a fine game and soon three goals were tallied, Miss Johnson and Miss Sommerville being responsible. The ladies played a very neat and aggressive game, but yere unable to break the ranks of our half and back divisions, which have been developed almost to a state of perfection.

Baseball.

A meeting was held for the purpose of organizing a baseball club, the following officers being elected:

President—Mr. S. J. Willis.
Vice-President—S. O'Kell.
Secretary—G. C. Irving.
Captain—Oliver Nason.
Committee—A. Williams and Orie Finch.

It is probable that a baseball league will be formed in the school as soon as the basketball league is concluded.

Basketball.

In the evening after the hockey game, on February 17th, the boys tried conclusions with the Terminal City boys. The game was to decide the championship of the season, each having won one game. The Drill Hall was crowded and each team had a large number of rooters. From the very outset the visitors showed their superiority, both in combination and shooting, and the first half ended with the score standing 6-2. At the beginning of the second half the Victorians

began some hard work nd brilliant combination, with the result that in a few minutes the score stood 7-6. Now all was excitement, and the Victoria supporters could almost see the dim outline of the bright and beautiful Thompson cup that was to be forwarded from Vancouver the day following the victory; but alas these air castles faded. Our boys could not stand the pace, and the final score stood 14-7. This victory gives Vancouver the championship and also the aforementioned Thompson cup.

Considerable interest has been manifest in the inter-class basketball league, and just now a point of especial interest has been reached. The I., II. and III. Divisions are equal for first place, and a "warmer" time than ever is anticipated. Appended is the standing of the leagues:

Division.	Played.	W.	L.	P.C.
VIII.	4	3	1	.75
II.	4	3	1	.75
I.	4	3	1	.75
V.	4	2	2	.50
VII.	4	1	3	.25
III.	4	0	4	.00

Field Day.

The school Field Day will be held at Oak Bay, Tuesday afternoon, April 17th. A programme of events has been drafted and the comittee is prepared to receive entries. Each entry must be accompanied by 10c. and must be in not later than April 12th.

It is the intention to have some exhibitions of drill by the two cadet companies, No. 1 Co. presenting arm drill and No. 2 Co. free gymnastic movements, with music. Altogether it is hoped that the Field Day will prove no small attraction to the citizens, and that the "field day" will be inaugurated as an annual affair of the school.

The schedule contains every kind of competition and there is no reason why a large crowd should not participate in every event. In order to increase interest throughout the school a competition for points will be held between the different divisions. Every effort is being put forth to secure the best prizes possible, special prizes being given the division gaining the largest number of points and also the individual pupil securing the most points in his class. 1st place events, 3 points; 2nd place, 2 points; 3rd place, 1 point. The events will be divided into two classes, viz: those under 16 and those over 16.

Following is a list of events:

100 yards, under 16 and open.
1-3 mile, under 16 and open.
Relay race (between different divisions.)
Sack race, 50 yards.
Three-legged race, 100 yards.
Hurdle race, 120 yards.
Standing broad jump.
Running broad jump.
Standing high jump.
Running high jump.
Running hop, step and jump.
Football punt kick.
Football drop kick.
Throwing baseball.
Girls' potato race.
Relay race.
Needle race.
Spoon race.

General.

The tennis court has been put in excellent condition, and a tournament will be held in the near future.

The members of Division 5 hereby challenge any boy the weight of young Pusie to a wrestling bout in the basement on any date.

The boys of Miss Potts' room (the 5th Division) have already organized a baseball club, with Bennie Erb and R. H. Green as their officers. They will hold their first practice in a few days and will soon be prepared to play any division in the school.

We noticed by the Vancouver College Argus that the Rugby team of that institution "did up our town, being no difficult task." We also saw that the basketball team and supporters on March 3rd, really did enpoy themselves in this poor forsaken hamlet of ours.

In view of the coming field day, practices are held in the school yard every noon, etc. The grounds are full of pupils, all doing their own particular stunts in their own particular fashions, to the utter confusion of everyone else. Especially noticeable is a pair of juniors, the anticipated winners in the three-legged race, who tie up up and take exercise on every possible occasion.

The next number of the "Camosun" will probably be adorned by a picture of the members of the famous II. Division basketball team, who are dead sure that the school championship will drop into their hands. However, it remains to be seen, in which division the medals will lodge, but in the meantime let all share in the glory of the II's anticipated victory.

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